

SEX ANONYMOUS — THE KEY TO GREATER UNDERSTANDING
BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN — CONFIDENTIAL — INTIMATE —
IT BRINGS GREATER KNOWLEDGE OF ALL HUMAN RESPONSES

No.2 60p

GIRL ILLUSTRATED

Late Night Extra

Photography sophisticated
Mood provocative

WHAT TURNS ON
WOMEN?

PLUS: OVER THIRTY
GORGEOUS GIRLS
AND WHAT GETS
THEM GOING

PLUS: 30 PAGES OF
SUPERB COLOUR









Late Night Extra brings a new dimension to its readers. Visual display to stimulate plus the honesty of human experience. Late Night Extra will have far-reaching appeal, so order your next issue now. Till then . . .

. . . pleasant dreams

never realised how difficult it was—but I wrote a novel and even though it didn't sell it wasn't a bad effort for a first attempt.

"I got the general theme from Ibsen's *Wild Duck* and then I switched it around, making use of all the dialogue I'd heard in the Hampstead pubs and then it turned into a book about incest with a man fancying his daughter and doing all sorts of things to her because he made himself

believe that his wife had committed adultery and he'd been supporting his off-spring for eighteen years when she wasn't really his. All very complicated, but I actually turned myself on while I was writing. There were plenty of times I wanted to go out and find a man.

"You see, the way I write I never know what is going to happen in the next line. I actually write as I would read, so that the whole thing is one

big mystery. It's fascinating, really; the words seem to pour out of the end of my fingers and the things that happen to the characters really get me going. It's as if there's some sort of force between me and the typewriter that bridges my inhibitions and everything begins to happen.

A best-seller would seem to be on the way. Look out for it next year. If Molly's words are like her looks there'll be a lot of midnight oil burnt.





IF IT'S WORTH DOING

Take one Gin and Lima, mix it thoroughly with Fay—and watch out!

Fay Quackenbush finds that life is hard and life is sad. "I believe in the work ethic," she says. "I believe that one should try to excel. At least always go to the best one in your class. It might sound silly, but that old saying has a lot of truth in it you know—If a thing is worth doing, it's

worth doing well." After a feature like this you would expect Fay to follow it up with a smile. You might even think she was smiling a little. But you're not. She's not. In fact, she's not smiling at all. There's a hint of a frown. And that's not a good sign. Not a good sign at all. Not a good sign at all.



be all work and no play? Fay considered the question with lowered eyelids. She considered it for so long that it seemed she was not going to answer. "I don't know," she replied in the end. "I don't see why you can't work hard and play hard at the same time. And if you play hard there's a sort of work and." She had to agree, then went further and asked what had given Fay pleasure for the first time a smile followed over so brightly across Fay's face. "Don't be silly,"



SMALL—NEAT, SEXY BOTTOMS

In the street Tracy and friend find themselves staring at what they admire most

Tracy Reeves has an elf-like querying face. She is apt to speak in questions rather than statements. "What turns me on?" she said, echoing our question, "what do you think?" But Samantha didn't wait for an answer. "Oh, I'm perfectly normal. Men turn me on. Great, big, beautiful, really physical men".

"Muscle men?"

Tracy screwed up her pretty nose, trying desperately to look less pretty than she is. "Ugh", she said, "Big, bloated muscles turn me off, right off. They're disgusting. Men who do all that muscle developing thing must be interested in impressing other men. I've never yet met a woman who thought them anything but revolting".

"But you said you liked really physical men?"

"That's true. But by that I mean something different. I mean sort of athletic. Fit. Healthy. It's easier to say what turns me off and from that you can gather what I like".

"What turns you off then?"

"Well, apart from bulging muscles, I think a fat stomach is the absolute limit. And those fellows who go around with tight jeans showing what they are proudest of. Don't they realise that it only puts the girls off? That kind of blatant advertising is more likely to warn a girl off than to attract her. Most girls are still just a little hung up about sex. Especially when it comes to strangers. After you've known a fellow for a while, well that's different. But going around with bulging pants, I ask you".

"You know something funny? I like men with small bottoms I'd never admit it at one time. I was sure I was a bit kinky. When I was just out of school, I thought I should admire men with superior minds. Artists. Poets. Musicians and all that sort of thing. And what did I find





myself admiring. Why, men with small bottoms. Small, neat and sexy bottoms". "I was sure it was queer and I was pretty ashamed of it until one day I met an old friend, Hilda. She, too, was a small bottom admirer. And not ashamed of it. 'Look at that slinky, sexy little bottom standing outside Tucker's window', she said, nodding her head across the road. I followed her gaze. 'Super', I said. And we both laughed. So loudly in fact that the owner of the sexy buttocks swung around to look at us. That made us laugh even more. He actually blushed. Just like a girl ashamed of her chams. As he hurried away down the road we were both silent as we gawped in admiration". "Since then", continued Tracy, "I've been amazed to find that at least half the girls I know are turned on similarly. And all of them were like me, thinking it funny, and feeling a bit guilty about it". "Are you ever tempted to pat a particularly attractive bottom?"





"Of course. I quite understand the Italian males' addiction to pinching female bottoms that he admires. But you're right. I don't want to pinch. I'd just like to pat. You know, the way you would fondly pat a beautiful flower".

"Enough, what other physical attribute do you find attractive?"

"I've mentioned slimness and

a flat stomach if only by saying how I detest fatness. But I think after that it's the eyes that get me. And the voice. I think you can tell so much about a man by the way he looks at you and the sound of his voice".

"Explain".

"Well, the really physical man looks at you out of clear, serene eyes. He doesn't stare

and he doesn't avoid your eyes. He looks, makes contact, and 'click', you are aware - I remember once at a dance I met a fellow. He just came up to me and looked me in the eyes. 'Dance?' said the eyes. He didn't have to say a word. And all the time I knew him and it was a long time after that night he could say nearly everything just

with a look".

"Any other physical attributes particularly appeal to you?"

"Long legs", said Tracy, "but not all that much. I think I like a man to be taller than me. If he's got long legs then he's almost bound to be tall. No, there's only one thing that turns me on real good... Oh, by the way, would you mind turning round?"





DON'T MAKE THE FANTASY A REALITY

But be honest about your
feelings for the opposite sex

"It is foolish to believe" comments Valerie Stone, "that women are only so turned on by men without being regarded as old, a woman one enjoys a step back just as much as a man because there is something about a woman's body which is appreciated by both sexes."

"I suppose you could say it has nothing where a man's body doesn't. A woman has



relationships and there is a lot of love something to do with the fact that we as a lot of women and there off had close physical contact with them, but whatever the reason I know that my part of it was, the kind of women women can be as well as to become involved with her, but I suppose I know I know they can also have a man on the fact that they even wanted to go in to see blue films. It is a lot of love of these sort of women, but the fact of it is that often people getting together are in a lot of trouble to their own relationship.

"I'm not glad that the so-called girl magazines have been much to be accepted by the public because I'm sure they've been detrimental (is that a pun?) in helping couples in their relationships. Men who look at them are no longer regarded as they are — in their young men — but as types who are based about their feelings for the opposite sex. It is a picture of a man who turns them on then what's wrong in that? It simply and effectively demonstrates that they might be having and if that can be suggested it can be done without guilt. And if such magazines in their help married couples engage in some kind of sexual fantasy then that's okay too.

"There seems to be this other side — women — particularly among women. I'm sure to say — who believe that if they read it they looking at pictures of adult women that is an indication that he is fed up with what he's got, and is looking to get outside marriage. This is all nonsense. He might require things to but that is about all. You see, I've documented that most men, contrary to the usual belief, do really quite fairly. They might occasionally go for another girl but they will come a loyalty for the woman at home and in most cases prefer her in bed to anyone else. I've seen a lot of the time they are weighed down by guilt if they do wonder off.

"That's where the fantasy comes in, the sexual act of being turned on by the thought of someone else when that's the actual contact. And the fantasy is based on the thought of the one they really love. It has the element of being what without necessarily hurting anyone, and I think it is much better for a couple to make each other aware of it.

"All they have to realize is that they don't take it too far and actually make the fantasy a reality. It is very often made up of things.





"It isn't what you eat, but how you eat", says Susan. "Spanish fly may suit Iberians but I like men as they are".



I don't have much faith in 40-hour-long mass meetings, and the Jewish Union is right. I don't think there will be much to be learned there. If a girl says she's been given a date of three years and she still stays home, she's not going to get any. It's thought, prejudice and most of all it's out of order. It is.

It isn't really what you said—middle class. But there you are, because these days we are more conscious of the social variables. But no money makes you a lot of people don't know what position they're alone into the world.

[illegible]

girl who has a secret to do the same don't spill the soup when you're serving the soup at your meals—it's all right with males and can't even women feel not with being casual at their meals?

Going back to the subject of aphrodisiacs: Susan said I've heard that the Martini de Sade was called for getting Spanish by men in love and it affected everyone who passed in 1959, but should have been called for that I can't think because the effect

of Spanish by is negative—it has a kind of cleansing effect. I think it must be that it also comes in relation to the thing that men and people believe it's a sexual stimulant, they believe women work there. Plainly I'd not tell anyone who used it on me. Most you, whose you find these books I don't know in there, not much chance of someone giving it to me. In any case I think what some are too to rely on something like Spanish by to have a

women on it's really, not of course that they haven't got much in the way of seductive powers and could not do without them.

On the subject of aphrodisiacs might have an idea, women who don't get a hammer or work. I wonder how you go on in the world of England? That's one thing in London. I believe where there are two hundred and twenty red cherry's dropping from the sky. The girls must be turned on all the time.





BRUTES NEVER BORE

Suzie knows how it is: that whatever the meek shall inherit it's not the female

Suzie gives the impression that she's waiting for the next bowl. She looks as though she is expecting something to happen and is not sure whether it will be good or bad.

"I suppose it's because I like breasts", she said, "and the men are the ones I go for now." Suzie tilted her head and studied her nails. "It's because all real men can't help being breasts", she went on, "you see it's the male nature, declaring, aggressive, go-getting and ruthless."

"Look at the animal kingdom. And man is an animal, isn't he? With animals, when do you find the nice, quiet, amiable male. Right at the bottom, that's where, licking his bottom" paws as likely as not. It's about the only way he'll get to eat."

"And who gets the choice of the females in the animal kingdom? Do you think it's the cat who can sing the prettiest song? Or the ape who can do those tricks that the kids follow? Or the eagle fish who can dance a cute fandango?"



And then, I had to do it in case of those. What if the money shall leave, I am the female. And the male applies in our society. Oh yes, I know, my play of divorce. How did I manage to take out after you. Well, I am not after marriage. And it is not the hard thing, the author's guy who gets the best book. "And I'll tell you why. Most women are actually happy for a bit of excitement. It's

[illegible]



TURNING ON TO THE BIG BAND SOUND

**Comes the fast dance and how do
you choose the fellow to take
you home—to his place?**

Dancing gets me—Sue Sylvia. It never gets a Saturday night at the Palace. And as likely as not I'll spend another couple of evenings a week dancing. There is something vastly exciting about waiting to see what will happen. Waiting to see who will come up and ask you to dance. We may be some drink party or no more look a chap—but you never



know. That's the declaration of it.
 "By the end of the evening you will have danced with a few fellows. And at that moment, the rhythm, the feel of strong male arms and those male bodies, it does something to you. It moves its something in any girl.

"Then the loneliness of the last day in Miami do you do? Take the last fellow who said? Play a waltzing game? Or be heavy told and stuck up to the fellow you would like to take you home—in the street.
 "All of it, all of it, the music, the men, the lights, the big hotel, almost and immediately that last dance. Ah, sure it says the end."
 "Some may say that it's just the music—but I think more!" It's the rhythm, that party's beat as it went, not the street scene of Miami. It's the other—of you like between chamber music and some-thing like Tequila-may's Fifth. One who the boy loved moved away then and watch that



"It's great with me", said Abby. "I don't leave, but foreign prices always have an aphrodisiac effect! Now in England, everything seems so ordinary, just imagine a holiday at Woodstock. The beach with these houses per square yard! The promenade with nothing more than a cool wind whipping off the sea. The cliff walks where even in August are deserted by all but the snuggles. And the food! Burgers and Chips! Now who could get excited about that?"

It's also different around the Mediterranean. The menu was different for a start. The scenery is different. Justine wakes the evening up. A brief change after the start of fish and chips and a drink right there, I can assure you. And the food. Have you ever sat down to a real bouillabaisse? Out in the open, beside the sea. Only a woman here, preparing your meal, asked body. And magic gallons of wine to wash it all down with.

"I remember a night on Pampelona beach, that's the other side of the hill from St. Ignace. This fellow picked me up on the beach. He was very proper. Said he just wanted to practice his English. That that I was very loud. Just he had a most God-A-fu-ful accent. Heavy, thick and broad. If you know what I mean?"

"But I liked his foreign ways
It always turns me on, that
weird thing. Only the way he
wandered every inch, touch of
eye, whisker, breast, splashed
line of bone."

**THE
MEDITERRANEAN
IS SO DIFFERENT**

"Only the way he watched every little twitch of my naked breasts reminded me of home"

As the sun went down, he escorted us walk along to the Tahiti Cafe. He knew the owner and promised me a treat: a secluded table for two and Bozell a la Bourgogne—yum!

"I want to explain to you if I can, the magic of that night because it's the magic that has me on. Imagine if you had a magic table and chairs and some way from a steady state of lull to building. It is just black energy for the move of a shadowed line which I feel steady. Above, a canopy of stars and in the magical beside as the last summer of a cedar."





"A boy brings across the first bottle of wine and two glasses. We drink and drink again. Now and again I smell the aroma of the Basil being cooked over a charcoal fire in the kitchen. I look at my companion. The knight looks at me. He looks like a really

handsome. Funny I didn't notice that before. The wine? He smiles and lightly reaches out to touch my left breast. Something switches inside me like a light bulb!" "Next morning we swap addresses. He is a great guy. He lives in Stockport. I'm

turned off!" But you know what the moment he mentioned Stockport I was really in another world, and if I'm any judge he was right. I can tell you that we had no time to spend together that night!"

POP, POETRY AND PASSION

**A robin red breast and a
starling, a gift to my
darling**

"I think one should discuss
new attractions," said
Audrey. "You change as you
grow. Whatever attracted me
no longer does, and when
I'm with excitement today
may be not old but to
replace."

"When I was between 12 and
17 it was Pop music. It was
the only thing that kept me
in, as they say. And the
songs, they seemed so
close. But at that age I wasn't
really prepared to follow up
my feelings. I just let myself
be frustrated and I read and
cried with a lot of joy. And a
lot of a sadness. All the things
that I felt. It was really painful.
I wouldn't want to go through
that stage again."

"There was a long time
when I was. We used to have





the latest fashions together, and I got the feeling that we shared something special. I even had some opinionated discussions about fashion. On oneachy pants and sweats. But Robbie never got any closer to me than 10 feet. He did his runner thing and left.

"But then suddenly it seemed I was 18 and all the way at 200 feet deep it seemed I think it was 1800-2100-2600 feet, with the pop stars. An 18-year-old looked around for something new."

"One time, once I can't say I'm too young that age yet, but something that happened recently makes me wonder if I'm not moving on to another phase."

But about poetry. It's funny how it turns me on. It's not the sound of the words, it's the beautiful meaning. I wish we go all soft while reading my favorite poems with Julie. She's my special boy - does great things. Do you know the wonderful things of David Macpherson?

And glad to have you
under
Thunder and rain with you
And grateful too
For sunlight on the
garden

My name's John. I should you believe it, chemical major — especially Mathew.





THOSE LYRICAL TONES OF THE FRENCH

They are all helped along in the heat of those sunny climes.


I think, in that, he also needs a quiet word from the bank with the mother, (perhaps) Mr. Hoffman. It's always difficult to regard him anything more than a place to keep your stuff in a keeping out. He's not too good that a man can't be physically affected in a cold weather. I'm, almost, beginning to believe that the price about a man stopping his clothes, into pockets of it or all the things around in his

The times the usually around noon, and I don't necessarily have to be well-dressed, making for weather. People complain about it being dark and uncomfortable, but I say they stopped worrying about the sun. They were going up and just accepted the heat and let the quick time. But it could really burn them on.

Maybe too lucky, because it's something of a hot, sticky, and I don't know if

BEING AFFECTED BY THE POP SCENE

"I resent it, because it's
simulated sex", says Berrit



Berrit Bonier, blonde, twenty three, and sporting a figure which could claim to be one of the real turn-on variety, maintains that there is only one method by which one could get in the mood for love. "For one thing", she says, "it is not much good if you're alone so basically the first requirement, for a woman, is a man."

"Oh sure, I'll agree that it is very possible to get sexually turned on while I'm walking in the street—probably because I had seen a particularly good looking man—but

I think that happens to men more than women simply because they are not as sensual. Men are getting sexier these days with their tight-fitting trousers (most of them were designed for women by the way) to accentuate their bottoms, but I think they will have to strip down to practically nothing before they could actually get a woman going in this impersonal way". We asked her if the pop scene

and any particular performers affected her glandular system.

"I suppose they do but I resent it really because it's

crude. It is more than just fundamentally sexual, it is completely designed that way with all their extravagant clothing and gyrations. It lacks the subtlety of innuendo and suggestion; it is positively simulated sex. I think it's one of the reasons why so many youngsters take drugs these days; they have to suppress their in-built inhibitions which tell them that crudeness, when applied to sex, is wrong. They cannot understand why it is wrong but something at the back of their minds constantly tells them it is, and despite all their efforts to knock conventions they never win. They might think they do for a while, but in the end, time wins and all the drug taking and heavy drinking in the world does not help. "It's unfortunate that we all possess that streak of fascination for the ugly as well as the beautiful, and the cruel as well as the kind, and when it rears its head then it is a difficult job holding it back. We might indulge ourselves for a while—just like I can be turned on by the pop scene which I don't particularly like—but then we wish afterwards that it had never happened because it isn't really us. I don't think there is anything particularly wrong in being primitive if it is applied by primitive people, but not when we have a so-called civilised society doing it. It's like crossing the Channel in a rowing boat when you've got a perfectly good 60-foot schooner available". The trend toward an appreciation for the ugly continued to baffle her. "It astounds me when I see so many



beautiful girls making sleep with boys who don't seem to have had a much sex world. And though I'm afraid that some men do look quite as comfortable with boys, the single by don't worry because they don't know enough about growing women spend about half their time worrying about their appearance. For my sister, I much prefer a man with a lady and who looks like a man. "I don't think I've changed much, but I think I know me so many other men who we can do so much better. It's not that the boys who deliberately give the hair long and wear clothes that, not so long ago would have been worn and which are considered some of them have specific boys as long as you are, and I would like to see them to all out there by coming to be inseparable. Still, I suppose if they can continue to pull in girl friends and going over as they then they are not going to change. They have it made, but when I look for boys I'd do it with the old-fashioned style."





Not knowing what gets you in the mood, for love might appear as he resembles a disadvantage, but Fawn Fawcett didn't let. At twenty-two and mastering a seductive 36-23-36, she says: "I like to be an admirer and not loved when it applies to men. I think it would all be rather a bore to know what makes me want a man. There is the obvious thing where a man runs in the crams and touches me in the vital points.

TAKING A GLANCE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

It's not as kinky as some other turn-ons known to Fawn—but it's safer



but I think we are talking about something else—the kinks perhaps?

"Well, I have them just the same as any other girl, but I haven't got any preferences. If someone proposes something to me and I think I'll like it, even though I haven't tried it before, then, okay, I don't mind giving it a whirl.

"For instance, I actually know a girl who got turned on at the sight of a man in an army great coat. Can you imagine?

"With me it's not at all like that. Something just clicks, quite unexpectedly. It can even be a simple thing like the way a man looks at me, but I don't want you to think that all you have to do is cast a glance in my direction. It's a fact: it does happen to me that way and I think it's much more healthy than all that army great coat nonsense and running water". What about these men who turned her on? "Nothing. Because they had that effect on me I didn't sort of dash off with them. You see, it just happens in a flash and it can disappear just as quickly. You can't maintain a permanent relationship or even a short one, on the basis of one shattering glance. He might never achieve it again and I'm not the kind of girl to hang about waiting for it to happen again.

"I really think what does turn me on is actually having a man all to myself so that no other woman can come near him—practically make him a prisoner. Only, these days, that's not supposed to be the thing to do, is it?"





GETTING INTO GEAR

A deliberate way of flaunting myself, says Heidi Frolick

As her name implies, Heidi Frolick is a busy creature. At 5ft 2ins with a precocious tan, she's the sexiest side of the 10 to the 10th power is why she's still in her working attire to working. The daughter of a Swiss businessman, she lived, for a while, in a cabin for



Recessed in London, but with all that money passing through her hands she got the urge to go out and soon found her niche. "Flaunting," she says, "is not exactly the best word to use in a business context, but in the job I was doing it was an equivalent to it. I had a lot of day suppliers with liquid, which is why I came to London to take up modelling. It's what you want and call suppliers liquid, but much more pleasant for men and one which takes their minds off their old affairs as money in the bank—as a fact of it. I have found that the job of model. I've found that it's supposed to be beneficial for men—a kind of therapy which runs down on and down them tears through all sorts of silly things which could lead them to believe that I've discovered it also helps me. I'm up in what is called today as a model's body. It's a kind of deliberate way of flaunting myself. I know what men want when they come to me about sex, discovering the pleasure of having a lot of things. I think they're right. It doesn't matter how beautiful a girl is if you put her in a body that's not all that sexy that opens her body to the shoulders as the sexiest about as sexy as a body can be. I think you can see just about everything she's got underneath."





"I think some men make the mistake of thinking women would consider them sexual minna if they suggested they wear some of the garments on the market today. They should realise that women are just as eager to put them on as the men are to see them worn. Let's face it, if a woman can see that she's giving her man pleasure and really getting him in the mood for a session, then naturally she's going to make herself feel the same way. It's really just a way of accentu-

ating the sensuous parts of the body. There's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"The only thing I would suggest is that when a boy or girl start going together—both for the first time—they shouldn't charge out and buy half bras and knickers that look as if they've left the production line too soon. These things should be left to a later stage in a relationship when the straightforward way of doing things needs some encouragement. If they did, it would be rather like diving in

at the deep end when you can't swim, or playing all your trump cards and leaving yourself with a hand of dead cards.

"I'm not saying that sex should not be enjoyed for itself, but the seduction process makes it all the more enjoyable. And when a man's capable of doing that, then I don't think a girl should deny him the little pleasures he might get from her wearing stockings or boots. Besides, it makes things easier for a quick get-away."



... and so to bed





A PERFECT STRANGER IN ISOLATION

**Not to know him would
beat off the inhibitions**

"There's something about isolation that can make a girl sexy. It's rather like a child having an ice-cream within reach and being prevented from eating it". This is what Marge Heidon thought when we asked her what turned her on. "I suppose it's a kind of masochism—a kind of to-have-and-to-have-not and when imagination can take over. All inhibitions disappear when I'm alone, particularly when I'm out in the open and a fair distance from home. Maybe it's a back-to-nature call and a sense of freedom but, if a perfect stranger would just happen to come along, I'm sure something would happen.

"It would really do something for me because it would have the element of being sinful and yet at the same time, with all that silence and isolation, nothing would really seem to matter.

"After it's all over I could just go my way and the man could go his and the chances are that we would never meet again. But I'm quite sure I'd remember it for the rest of my life.

"There's no reason why it should destroy any other relationship. It's just that what happened—if it happens—would be totally without the knowledge of the other's personality, so there would have been nothing to distract from the enjoyment of the physical act".

Don't venture too far afield, Marge; there may be a queue waiting.







PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

**Give me the
experienced
man every time**

Joan looks not too older than she is. She is quiet and a bit more thoughtful than most girls of her age. "Yes," she said, "I always felt older than my age. Going my last years at school I was overwhelmed by the guys fuck. I kept feeling I was dressed up for some baby party. And the way men looked at me! I was totally basking out of that too small women."





I guess that's why I have always preferred girls. Men. Well, not only old you know. But I think that one more and 30 is just that little bit more. Someone gets come up more quickly. Perhaps the engineering knowledge that they can bring a child into the world makes them reach mature earlier than men.

And then older men have a lot going for them. For one thing, they take their time. They don't try to push a girl out, but as the last minute. They know, what do you call it, oh yes, know.

Yes, and a certain sense of fun. Not to mention that and a certain maturity that doesn't leave you. They are not building anymore. It does make a difference you know. Experience still and above all, staying power. What girl could out live more?





INDIAN LOVE CALL

Joan saw things she never dreamed of down in the Kama Sutra room

"I got so shaking, nothing turned me on. Joan took a deep breath and let it go with a cough of despair. 'Bloody Mary's the Word,' Madame Harbo, Dymally said. 'Sweet, I've heard them all. Not even a repeat.' 'Then I happened on a tip to Bangalore, you know — the

steady home run. But I never thought about being pushed.' The Kama Sutra room. 25p. At the door the guide warned us that it was none of our business and had better not enter. The path through the door is a sacred ground, no place for the most erotic wall. I've seen





"Standing back to get a better view I saw things I'd never even dreamed on. It worked. In imagination I shared every decadent pose with every abandoned woman. I flushed, not only in my face. The hot blood trembled right through my body. In the centre of the room stood a four-poster bed, a mirror fixed in the canopy. I

got a strong fantasy of love-making while watching my lover in the mirror and for variety admiring the thousand exciting games taking place on the wall".

"Then I heard the guide's voice. 'Miss, Miss, come now, the show is over. Come along!'. And it was back to the reality of life.



ME AND MY NUDE SHADOW

Karen hesitates at first,
then reveals all

Faces appeared to consider
the pictures with due gravity.
"Are you having me on?" she
asked. We told Karen that no,
we definitely were not having
her on. We were just al-
ternately curious about girl-
ice lives and we greatly
desired to know what would
come of it. So, we pointed out
with such straightforwardness
that Karen, who would be

considerably less harsh
"Karen," and Karen suddenly
she had just made a great
discovery. "Yes, make, that's
it. That's what I'm all
about. Is that all? You must be
gettin' in to play some music
and you get all sexy. Surely
that isn't possible? So that
one would be a knock over
the eyebrows from Lulu
and the Little House Carrots?



